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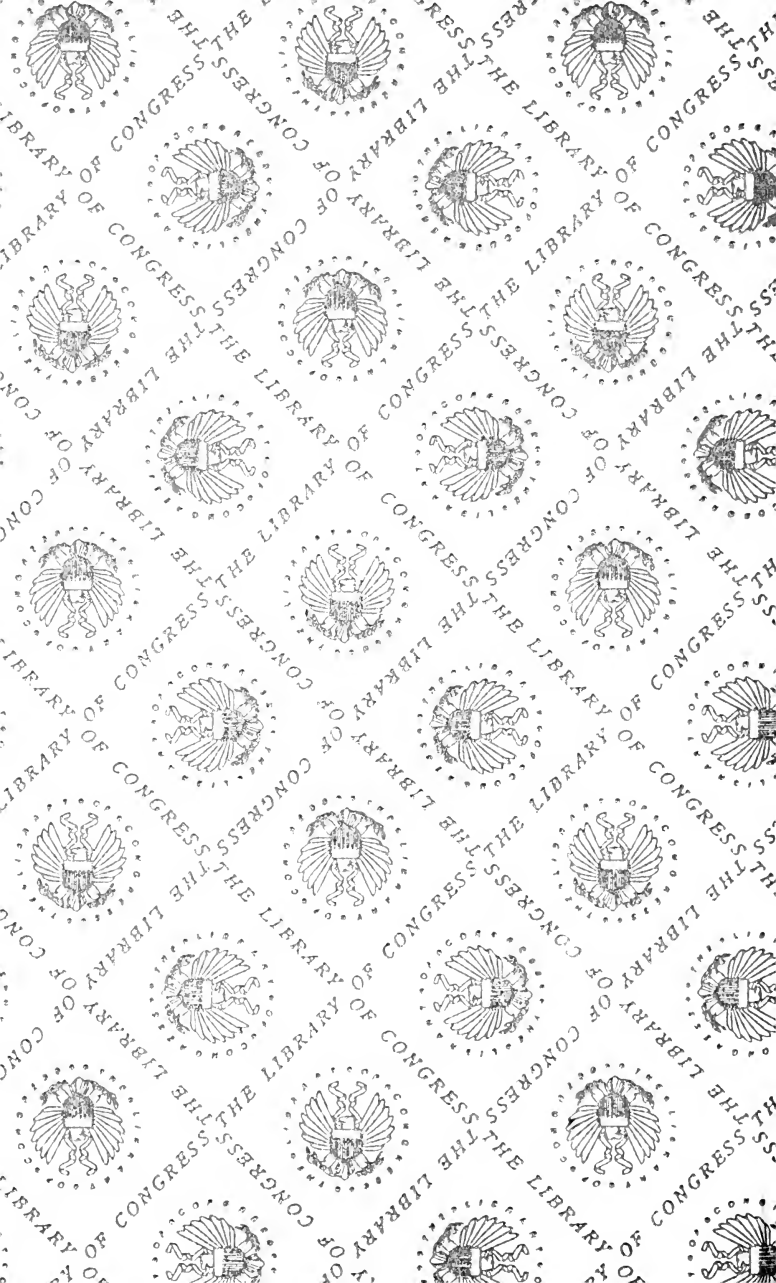
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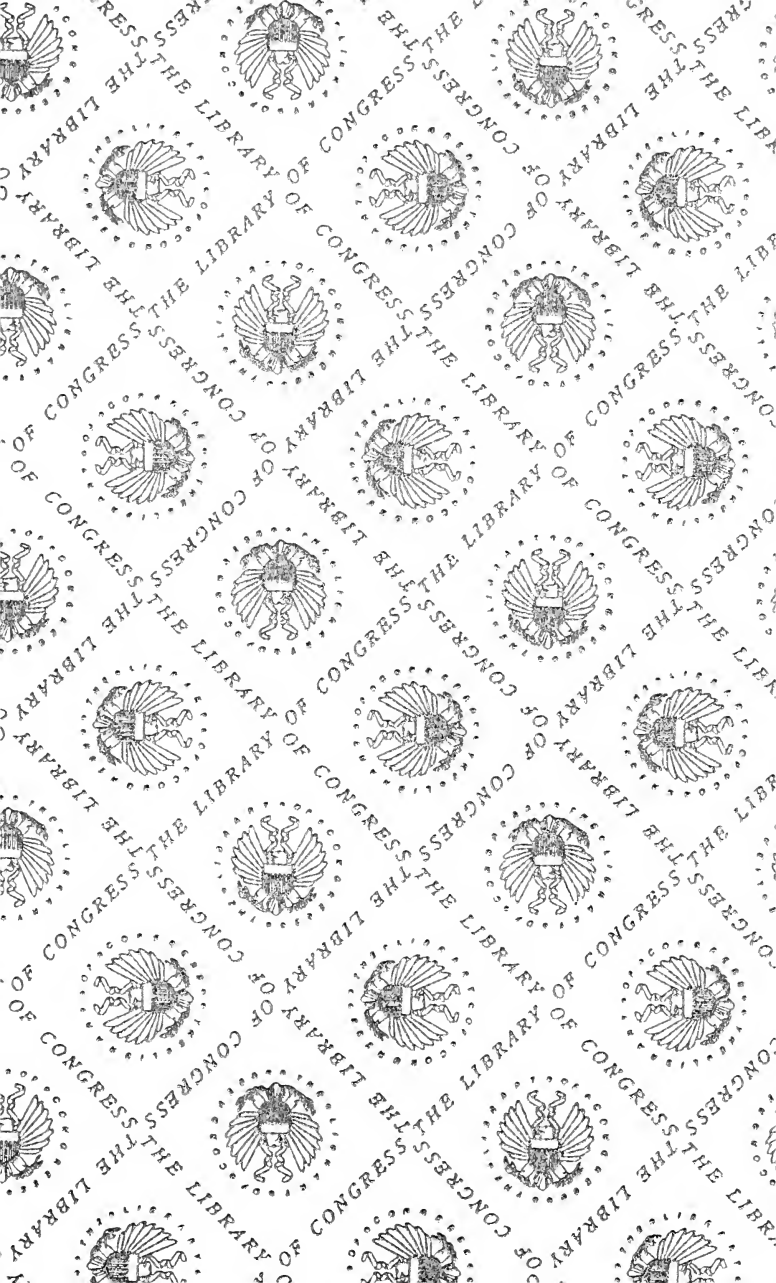
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"EXCEEDING RICHES"

AND OTHER VERSE

by

J. PAULINE SMITH

Compiler of "Olive Prints"

(A Year-Book of Quotations from Robert
Browning's Poems)



Detroit, Michigan

1922

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Affectionately Dedicated to
MOTHER

Whose lullaby songs were all from the Metho-
dist Church Hymnal



PREFACE

Acknowledgement of the following magazines, religious and secular papers, in which some of the verses herein originally appeared, is hereby made: "Detroit Young Women" (the former publication of the Young Women's Christian Association of Detroit), "Detroit Club Woman," Detroit Leader, Detroit Free Press and the Christian Recorder, Philadelphia. Under the title "The Heart of Christmas," a gift booklet was printed in 1917, containing the verse for "Festival Days." These with others, hitherto unpublished, have been included in this little volume and sent forth in the hope that they may be of interest to a wider circle of readers.

THE AUTHOR.

November, 1921.

A FOREWORD

The crying need of the world to-day was adequately stated in the Summer (1919) number of "*Le Livre Contemporain*." "The war," says this writer, "showed the utter futility of materialism—of the age of science, and if civilization is not to fail again, we must center our lives and ambitions not on things material, but rather on things of the spirit."

The verses found in this slender volume are an expression of this life of the spirit. Their author, like Wordsworth, or even more like Milton, triumphs over every vicissitude of fortune because her mind is fixed upon the eternal, hence nothing temporal can permanently depress her spirit or destroy her abiding joy and peace. Such writers, whether unknown or well-known, have a message for mankind; and those who pause and read these lines will have their minds and hearts refreshed and strengthened, and their spiritual eyes uplifted to the Lord, from whence cometh our help.

THERESA SMITH, B. Pd.

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MEDITATIONS

“EXCEEDING RICHES”

(Eph. ii: 7-8)

O grace Divine, it saves me now!
With riches free doth me endow;
I once was blind, but now I see
Redemption plann'd so wondrously!

O grace Divine, it saves me now!
And sets God's favor on my brow;
It plants my feet where angels tread,
With life eternal crowns my head!

O grace Divine, it saves me now!
My Saviour's mercy I avow,
But shall not know till face to face
“The exceeding riches of His grace!”

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

'Tis not spoken by the tongue of man
Nor uttered by his voice ;
It needeth not interpreter
To make the heart rejoice.

We hear it in each glad new day
That comes to me and you ;
In starry gleams at night it speaks
From heaven's o'er-arching blue.

Its sweeter sounds are treble tones,
The thunder is its base ;
If 'tis a voice most powerful,
'Tis also full of grace.

'Tis gone abroad thro' all the earth,
Where'er men see and hear,
Nature's myriad voices tell
The Mighty God is near.

MADE ONE BY THE GLORY

You have seen at sunset how the crimson and
the gold
Unite in wondrous radiance that doth all things
enfold :
The lowly cottter's dwelling and stately walls
of stone,
In lavish'st adornment is this golden splendor
thrown.
'Tis the miracle of eventide when day's dis-
cordant story

Is harmonized to beauty by the sun's departing glory.

No one knows the glory that was our Saviour's
own

Before He left the light and life about the
Father's throne,

But is it not the greatest thing in His high-
priestly prayer

That He should in that happy state permit us
all to share?

That here, perhaps at eventide, all creeds' con-
fusing story

Shall merged be in one by the greatness of
His glory!

HOW MUCH MORE?

(Heb. 9:14)

Forthwith every need supply,

If a loving earthly parent

Heareth when his children cry,

If he always gladly seeketh

Shall not God, our Heavenly Father,

Who is rich in boundless store,

Good things give to him that asketh,

Give in bounty, how much more?

If, again, that earthly parent

Would not substitute a stone

For the bread that nature craveth,

When the cry comes from his own,

Shall not God, our Heavenly Father,

On our thirsty spirits pour
All the quick'ning of His Spirit,
Fullest measure, how much more?

If the blood of bulls and fatlings,
Freely on the altar given,
Brought to mankind—erring, sinful,
Gift of cleansing down from Heaven,
Shall not then the blood of Jesus
Wash us, purge us and restore
Our dead consciences to service,
By its power, how much more?

How much more! O, how much more!
Than the richest parent's store,
Shall not God, our Heavenly Father,
On us His Holy Spirit pour?
Shall not Christ, our blessed Saviour,
More than offerings of yore,
Purge us, cleanse us, “How much more?”

LOVE'S WORK

Oh, the life that loves is the life that lives,
That lives and never dies.
To the soul that loves the Saviour gives
A home beyond the skies.

Oh, the heart that loves is the heart that grows
That grows more like to Him;
To the heart that loves the Saviour shows
Himself, the light within.

For love alone makes life worth while,
 And love is from above ;
 It clothes us with the Saviour's smile,
 For God Himself is love.

"CALL ME ISHI"

(Hosea 2:16)

"Call me Ishi," Church of God,
 I for thee the wine-press trod,
 All my glory did forego
 To woo thee from the Prince of woe,
 "Call me Ishi."

"Call me Ishi," lonely one ;
 I will be thy shield and sun ;
 I'll thine every need supply ;
 When in danger, I'll be nigh ;
 "Call me Ishi."

"Call me Ishi," nevermore
 Other lovers to adore ;
 Thee, I in righteousness betroth,
 Mine alone from now henceforth,
 "Call me Ishi."

A PRAYER FOR THE TIMES—1914

Oh, in these days of war's array,
We would unceasing daily pray,
Where gay externals nigh had won us
Lord, let Thy beauty be upon us ;

Above all grace of form or skin,
Lord, make us beautiful within ;
Like Moses, may our faces shine
With that rare glory caught from Thine.

In lieu of robes of costly price,
Lord, may Thine estimate suffice :
And we esteem it passing fair
The Spirit's lowly garb to wear.

THE "GREATER ONE"

(Luke 11:31)

Exerywhere you reverent turn,
Can you not in truth discern
Here the presence-room of One
Greater than King Solomon?

In the blue of yon clear sky,
On the grass where pearls lie,
In the pure, ambient air,
Speaks there not Jehovah's care?

In the peace that reigns at dawn
On a glorious summer morn,
Breathes there not assurance clear
That the Prince of Peace is here?

In the matin-song of bird,
This sweet undertone is heard;
"It is I, Be of good cheer!
Lo, the 'Greater One is here!'"

"MORE THAN OTHERS"**(Matt. 5:47)**

The "more than others" people,
Don't you love them though!
In business, church and social life,
How they keep the world aglow!

Going always one mile farther
Than a friend requests:
Working ever somewhat harder,
While some tired one rests.

Loving where no love is given,
When there's no reward:
Saluting not alone their brethren
Following their Lord.

These "more than others" people,
What a vital place they fill!
And their ranks are never crowded,
Won't you join their guild?

A DEDICATION

Holy Spirit, I give myself to Thee,
 Do as Thou wilt with me :
 Chasten, reprove, refine,
 So Christ's life may shine
 Through me to men,
 And souls be born again !

Holy Spirit, I give myself to Thee,
 That Thou my Guide mayst be
 In all the paths of Truth,
 So that aspiring youth
 May Christ's own image see,
 Reflected clear in me !

Spirit of prayer and praise,
 Grant in these latter days,
 When wolves attack the fold
 And love oft waxeth cold,
 That I, baptized anew,
 May stand steadfast and true !

"GOOD THINGS TO COME"**(Heb. 9:11)**

Such things as prophets in the days of old
Did so much long Jehovah would unfold;
Just how the daily sacrifice should cease,
And leave no need of temple veil and priest;
How One, a lamb before his shearers dumb,
Should be for man of offerings the sum,
The fruitage of their hopes—"Good things to
come."

Such things as in the fullness of the time
Did come to pass, making the Earth sublime;
So that the chosen Twelve could all rejoicing
say:

Our eyes have seen the life, the Truth, the
Way;

Within the temple courts no need of traffic's
hum,

Henceforth its rites and ritual are dumb
Before the Word made flesh: "the good things
to come."

Such things the Master must have had in view
When to the Twelve He said: "Much greater
shall ye do";

Such things as came with Pentecost, and since
that day

Have blazed for the Church a shining way;

Such things as make all other voices dumb
 To those who know their Christ as Priest, the
 sum
 Of present joys; and still—“Good things to
 come!”

GOD'S SCALES

How much weigh you to God?
 His are unerring scales,
 So finely set the balances
 Adjustment never fails.

Are you so full of faith,
 And deeds of holy love,
 That they'll amply weigh for you
 With Him who dwells above?

Is yours the moral worth,
 And more, the heart so free,
 That you can meet His final test:
 “Leave all and follow me?”

How much weigh you to God?
 For after all our vaunting,
 None at last would hear Him say:
 “Weighed, and found wanting.”

"HE THAT KEEPETH ISRAEL"
(Ps. 121:4)

Sometimes, o'erworn by many cares,
We are too weary for our prayers;
Then, how assuring it is to know,
As we to rest confiding go
That He who doth His Israel keep
Hath not our human need of sleep;

That dear ones, near and far away,
For whom we may not conscious pray,
Are kept, and we have peace serene,
Because there watches One between
Who safely guards His scatter'd sheep,
And doth not cease His watch for
sleep.

And then how oft when dawns the day;
When we to work betake our way,
Though open-eyed we fail to see
The snares escap'd by you and me,
Because He who ever guards His sheep
Doth neither slumber take nor sleep!

"PLEASURES FOREVERMORE"
(Ps. 16:11)

O ye, so burdened here with care,
No time for pleasure have to spare;
And ye whose purses are too short
To surplus leave for happy sport,
Who spend, perhaps, what you might save
To make another's path less grave,
Because your hearts are running o'er

With love for One who sorrows bore,
For you, of pleasures, He hath store
At His right hand forevermore!

O ye, whose wage no margin yields
For gladsome strolls in verdant fields;
For leisure hours to idly spend
On ocean's beach till summer's end:
Or cruise 'mid Nature's lovely scenes—
Adown her myriad inland streams;
O ye whose scanty little store
Forbids much wandering from the shore,
Yet, rich in faith, your pleasures soar,
At His right hand forevermore!

"At His right hand?" It is not far,
Indeed, 'tis just beyond the bar.
You breathe not long the close land-air,
Which seems so very hard to bear,
When other barks put out in glee,
Know all the fresh joys of the sea;
But you shall know as saints of yore,
To suffer is to taste life's core,
And on those higher pleasures pore,
At His right hand forevermore!

A LESSON FROM GIDEON

What riches in the Word one finds
In reading 'twixt the marginal lines!
There, in the wars by Judges told,
What vistas doth this fact unfold:
The Spirit of God did rest upon
Or "clothe itself with Gideon!"

Gideon, just the earthly dress
Through which the Spirit did His best;
Just the mouth and hands and feet
To make the work of God complete.

Oh, in these days when so much care
Is given to the clothes we wear,
When we, more than we like to own,
Think so much of a pretty gown,
How it doth kindle us to read
This line about the Spirit's need!
That He, to follow God's behest,
Must take us for His earthly dress!
For this, O Spirit, make us meet
To be Thy garb, Thy work complete!

SOME PROMISED BLOOMS
(Isa. 61:11)

Though anemone and violet
Regale the woodland ways,
Some fairer blooms are promised yet:
E'en righteousness and praise.

Which, as Earth puts forth her bud,
And causeth things to grow,
He, who sendeth all of good,
Shall for all nations sow.

Hence, flowers silent heralds are,
For as they spring and grow,
We know there hasteth, tho' afar,
His own great floral show.

A CONTRAST

“Nothing is known,”
 The Cynic said,
 And sadly bowed his learned head.
 “We mortals here—a mimic show—
 May much surmise, but nothing know.
 The Past? evolution disagrees;
 The Present? so near, no one rightly sees;
 The Future? mere wild hypotheses.”

“One I know,”
 The Christian said,
 And raised aloft his trusting head.
 “The One who keeps my sacred trust,
 Redeems us from the mocking dust.
 ‘The Past? God the dower;
 The Present? kept by His power;
 The Future? Faith’s crowning hour.”

ASPIRATIONS

O, Christ of Galilee,
 Make Thyself known to me!
 Thou, who didst the hungry feed,
 Let me know something of the need
 Of hungry souls:
 That none may empty go away
 For want of word that I should say.

O, Christ of Bethany,
 Make Thyself known to me!
 Thou, whom households loved to greet,

Let me learn also at Thy feet
The love that folds
All human loves within its own
And scatters joy as light is sown.

O, Christ of Calvary,
Make Thyself known to me!
Thou who gavest all so willingly,
Let mine be just such love for Thee,
That naught withholds;
Nor counteth not the human cost
Which spreads the glory of Thy cross.

IS YOUR NAME AHISAMACH?

**(Suggested by a lesson in the "Drop-in-Bible
Class," Y. W. C. A.)**

Of all those queer old Hebrew names,
Which each a special meaning claims,
There is none one would more gladly own
Than that by Bezeleel's helper borne:
Ahisamach, "supporter of a brother,"
Would you not love above all other?

Upon your arm does some one lean?
By some one's side can you be seen,
In some dark, crucial, trying hour,
To save her from the Tempter's power;
Swift to supply a sister's lack,
Is your name Ahisamach?

Have you the love that some one needs?
Some heart that sadly droops and bleeds

For fellowship and some true friend
To whom to go, on whom depend,
For help along life's upward track,
Is your name Ahisamach?

When one is fainting beneath her load,
And tired, too, because of the road,
Is yours the ready word of cheer
To make that load less hard to bear?
Or to lift it from a sister's back,
Is your name Ahisamach?

Oh, life would easier, sweeter be,
For other souls near you and me,
Should we so wholly in Him trust,
His strength so perfect be in us,
He to our names could add this other,
“Ahisamach, supporter of a brother.”

“BERECHAH”

(2 Chron. 20)

Forth to meet their enemies,
Those men of Judah went—
At the word of God by the prophet
Who to their king was sent—
In the dewy dawn of the morning,
To the wilderness of Tekoa,
With no arms or ammunition,
Save to shout God's praises o'er!

They march'd to meet three armies,
Who had up against them come;
But, fearing not, they trusted God,

Who sent their praise shafts home ;
For the “liers-in-wait” were angel bands,
And more confused were they
Than if the men of Judah had
With weapons won the day.

Then, after the unfought battle
And the taking of great spoil,
When their foes all were vanquish’d
Without their martial toil,
Because the battle was the Lord’s,
And He had fought for them,
They paused on the homeward journey
For a glad thanksgiving hymn ;

Paused in a lowly valley,
Where, their gratitude expressing
In songs so high and jubilant,
Made it the vale of “Blessing.”
From that blest day and forward,
For the hearts uplifted there,
They called that joyous trysting-place,
“Valley of Berechah.”

COMMUNION

Just to go apart with Jesus,
Just to hear His still, small voice;
Just to wait upon His message,
Just to know He is my choice:

Just to hear my Saviour speaking
In the stillness of my soul;
Just to have the waves of blessing
O'er my waiting spirit roll;

O, 'tis sweetest of all pleasures
Thus to steal away to Him!
Thus to be alone with Jesus
And to feel His peace within.

I would often seek my Saviour,
I would never leave His side;
I would go forth in His presence,
And would in Him e'er abide!

FULLEST LIFE

If Christ were living full in me,
How radiant my life would be!
How lost ones would Thy glory see,
If my poor heart continually
Kept open house alway for Thee!

Lord, of that living water give,
That I may in Thy fullness live;
O grant that there may daily be,
That well upspringing glad in me,
Refreshing, 'midst life's stress and strife,
Thy well-spring of eterna! life!

If Christ were living full in me,
How luminous my life would be!
How it would shine far out to sea
And heaven-ward point unerringly
Had Christ abiding place with me!

If Christ were living full in me,
His risen life so rich and free,
How He would lead to victory.
And life abundant mine would be,
Self crucified and merged in Thee!

**"THOUGH OUR OUTWARD MAN
PERISH"**

(2 Cor. 4:16)

"Though our outward man perish,"
Worn by work and care,
If the Holy Spirit nourish,
The inner grows more fair.

"Though our outward man perish,"
Grows weak to human view,
As the Holy One doth cherish,
The inner man's made new.

"Though our outward man perish,"
At the call of mother clay,
The inner man shall flourish
Unto the perfect day!

"ACCOUNTED WORTHY"

(Luke 21:34-36)

To stand before the Son of man
Unshrinkingly,
When from His face, in that dread day,

Heaven and earth shall flee away,
 To be accounted worthy then to stand,
 Upright and calm at His right hand,
 Our Lord, alone, makes known the way:
 “Watch and pray!”

To stand before the Son of man
 Preparedly;
 Not freighted so with earthly cares,
 That day approach us unawares;
 But, like those virgins, wise, to be
 Ready the bridegroom’s face to see,
 Our Lord alone makes known the way:
 “Watch and pray!”

To stand before the Son of man
 Victoriously,
 When that unnumbered host shall come
 For word of welcome, or of doom;
 To be deemed worthy palms to wave,
 White-robed, among the final brave,
 In that fire-testing, judgment-day;
 Said He, the Life, the Truth, the Way:
 “Watch and pray!”

“JEHOVAH SHAMMAH”

(Ezek. 48:35)

A vision of the ideal city,
 The exiled prophet saw,
 And set it forth in all the beauty
 That dwells in perfect law.

A city where Jehovah's glory,
Once lost thro' sin and pride,
In this seer's redemption story
Is seen to ever abide.

A city where a river floweth,
Which doth such vigor give,
That it is said, where'er it goeth,
All living things shall live.

A name was to the city given,
That told what made it fair:
As it for God had humbly striven,
'Twas called: "The Lord is there."

THE WINNOWING-FAN

When o'er the rich and golden grain
There swept that quaint old winnowing-fan,
So swiftly parted was chaff from wheat,
The threshing-floor became a judgment seat:
Where husks were burned or blown away,
And the grain stored up for a coming day.

Thus John, while pondering it all o'er,
In the wilderness by the Dead Sea's shore,
Saw how this odd, old winnowing-fan
Portrayed the work of the Son of man:
How the clear light of His righteousness
Would be henceforth man's winnowing test

So true this picturesque metaphor,
Once used by John, who went before!
For still wherever Christ has come,
He's brought this sifting process home:
We're blown like chaff to the winds amain,
Or we rest in His garner as golden grain.

A NAME

So well he wrote and with such power,
 Such logic, clear and keen,
 Men call the epistles from his pen
 Of very right—“Pauline.”

They breathe the spirit of a man
 Who, counting not the price,
 So loved and served that he could say,
 “For me to live is Christ.”

In after years how it must thrill
 And mould the life, I ween,
 When parents o’er baptismal vows
 Have named a child—“Pauline.”

"WE AN INCORRUPTIBLE"

What things men do for crowns that fade,
For laurels lasting but a day!
What willing sacrifice is made
For just a wreath that will decay!

We, listed in a race where all
Receive unfading crowns of life,
May count those transient garlands small
To be but victors in this strife!

**THE CALL**

The great "I Am" still speaks to men,
Still hears the needy's cry, I ken;
Where they in hopeless chains are bound,
Some one will find it "holy ground,"
And turn from keeping sheep to see
The old Mount Horeb mystery:
Why burns the bush with living flame,
And yet its outline is the same!
In that hour on his ears shall fall
The great, all-thrilling service call:
And, awed and doubtful though he be,
He'll humbly answer, "Lord, send me."

KINSHIP WITH CHRIST

(Matt. 12:50)

Perhaps we may not trace our line
On pages where the records shine
With deeds of worth in town or state,
Which place some men among the great;

Perhaps earth-honored pedigree
Has fallen not to you and me;
But, list ye to the King of kings,
As He a higher kinship brings!

"Whoso," said He in tenderest love,
"Shall do my Father's will, above,
The same is kindred unto me—
Shall mother, brother or sister be!"

Father, we pray, Thy Spirit send,
Grant as our aim, our life's great end;
To kinship have with the King of kings,
And the deathless fame such record brings.

"THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE"

However cloudy be their days,
However strenuous their ways,
They know, who put their trust in Him,
These things that "wear the thickness thin,"
But bring them nearer to the place
Where "they shall see His face!"

O Face! that just to look upon
Shall mean their highest ideals won!
For when they see that visage fair,
They shall themselves its likeness wear.
Earth's fiercest tests shall leave no trace
When "they shall see His face!"

Oh, how it shoots through all the years
A light that dissipates their tears!
Who love Him know, whate'er betide,
That one day they'll be satisfied:
That day when they, O wondrous grace,
Behold that thorn-crowned, holy Face!

“THIS BEGINNING OF MIRACLES”

“Fill the water-pots with water,”
 They filled them to the brim.
 At this word the Master spake
 When Mary turned to Him;
 Now draw out and bear, He said,
 Lo, following His behests,
 The festal wine is crimson red
 They bear unto those guests!
 Then that one whom Jesus loved,
 Divined the wondrous story,
 That this beginning sign there
 proved—
 Made manifest His glory.

“THAT I MAY KNOW HIM”
(Phil. 3:10)

To know Him! O aim sublime,
Surpassing all the quests of time;
Pursuit of gold, of wealth or fame
Holds no such charm as Jesus' name!

To know Him! On coming morrows
To better know the Man of Sorrows—
The Christ our heavenly Father sent—
Is purpose high and life well spent.

To “know Him!” the Apostle flings
This word as he enraptured sings:
“All other things I count but dross
To know the glory of the cross!”

“NEITHER”

Neither rites, nor creeds, nor churchly forms
Avail with God above;
One thing alone His word requires:
Faith which works by love.

Neither Jew, nor Greek, nor bond, nor free;
No man by birth is known;
From Scythian shores or isles of Greece,
They all in Christ are one.

No one is high, no one is low,—
There is no great nor small;
All human lines sink out of view
And Christ is all in all!

“THREE THINGS”

(On hearing a sermon to children from
Gen. 26:25)

Three things within the narrative
Are writ of one of old,
Whose name meant Laughter, and whose
Life held symbols manifold;

Wherever on his journeyings
This pilgrim chose to dwell,
He altar built, pitched his tent,
And then he digged a well.

An altar and a tenting-place
Should our life's story tell;
Then thirsty ones who follow us
Will find a living well.

GOD'S “BEST,” NOT OURS

God cannot fully use the man
Whose aim is just “the best” he can;
To fill our souls with holy fire,
More than our “best” does He require.

It burned upon the lips of Paul.
Who more abundant wrought than all;
With His strength as my guarantee,
All things can be performed by me.

Thus, the searching service test
Is not our boastful human “best;”
But through us and how mightily
Has worked the Christ of Galilee.

REMEMBERED LANDS

O land, remembered after years
Of waste and devastation,
O land, sought out by God again,
Thy people made a nation!

O exiled sires who loyal wept
By streams of Babylon,
The "Pleasant land" of your desire
His thoughts did dwell upon.

Till He restored the glory land,
He had first for you espied;
The sorrow of thy widowed years
His wrath hath satisfied.

Thy sons no more "Forsaken" art,
Nor thou termed "Desolate,"
The Lord hath called thee "Beulah" land
And given thee new estate.

O Palestine and Africa,
Now stretching forth your hands,
Again thou shalt His glory see,
As His remembered lands!

"AHAVA"

At Ahava, stream of Persia,
There we halted, fasted, pray'd
That o'er the robber-ridden desert
We might journey unafraid.

On Jehovah, God of battles,
We had rested, trusted, stay'd,
Now, in this, our hour of testing,
Could we seek for lesser aid?

By Ahava, stream of Persia,
Fears were routed, worsted, laid;
For our children, wives and treasure,
God our confidence was made.

From Ahava, stream of Persia,
With no visual guard of men;
But with God's "good hand" upon us
Safe we reached Jerusalem!

THE UNIVERSAL CALL**(Ps. 50:1)**

From lands of dawn and rising sun
To where his westering course is run,
There comes to this old, teeming earth,
Thro' cypress shade and scenes of mirth,
The call of God.

No ear there is so dull but hears,
Somewhere adown the path of years,
The voice that heeds not class nor clan
But finds the longing heart of man—
The call of God.

More swift than wireless thro' the air,
While suns from morn to evening wear,
This summons comes that bids us rest,
That satisfies the heart's deep quest—
The call of God.

“THE LEGION OF THE LARK”

“Legion of the Lark,” great Caesar called
 Those daring men he chose from captive Gaul
 To be his body-guard, and follow him
 Thro’ all his future wars and vict’ries grim;
 Because they bore upon their helmets high
 The image of that bird of song in upper sky;
 For Caesar loved to have those warriors near
 Who met the brunt of battle with songs of
 cheer.

His “Legion of the Lark” are soldiers of the
 King,
 Who on the moral battlefield know how to
 fight and sing;
 Who defeat the Prince of darkness in his most
 subtle ways,
 As nothing so appals him as constant prayer
 and praise;
 Thus those Christian soldiers, who season
 with a song
 Every stern engagement, are God’s Legion of
 the strong;

And we may well imagine their sweetest notes
will come

As a final strain of triumph when they are
soaring home.

“NOT OTHERWISE”

Into a room where a sick one lay,
 One day her pastor came to pray.
 He thought to find the maiden sad,
 And pondered long what words he had
 To comfort bring where want and pain
 Had done the work of that dread twain.
 “’Tis hard to bear, I know,” he said,
 Taking a seat beside her bed.
 She looked at him in pained surprise,
 And spoke, as a light shone in her eyes,
 “I would not have it otherwise.”

“Not otherwise! how can you say
 With life now in its opening day?
 It must be hard to just lie here—
 Within this room so void of cheer?”
 He watched her face in wonder now,
 Such radiance lighted eye and brow;
 “Why you, yourself, have often told
 How Christ gives blessings manifold.
 I’ve found it true; in His will lies
 All peace, and leaves no room for sighs;
 I would not have it otherwise!”

The man of God went on his way,
 Hers was the ministry that day;
 Within that barren, upper room,
 He’d found his sermons lived at home;
 The calm which comes, he’d often said,
 When all is on the altar laid—
 Into his house, to think it o’er,

He passed and closed his study door.
There he, too, came to realize
That this was life's one greatest prize:
Not to "Have it otherwise."

"THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE BEFORE"

(Phil. 3:13)

"Those things which are before,"
The things that give us wings to soar
In vision to that heavenly land,
Where our Christ reigns at God's right hand,
Blest end of all I seek and preach,
Towards these I reach!

Those things which make the cloudy days,
All bright with special hymns of praise,
That seeing, one doth plainly say,
"I seek a kingdom far away,"
The things that transcend human speech,
Towards these I reach!

"Those things" on high which are before,
Mean climbing days are never o'er;
That as the Old Year's shades are falling,
I upward press to God's "high calling,"
In Christ, the end of all I teach,
Towards Him I reach!

“THAT BREAD OF LIFE”

**(Suggested by a Sunday School Lesson on
the Giving of Manna)**

O Christ, “that bread of life,
If daily in the strife,
We did but feast on Thee,
How strong our lives would be!

O Christ, “that Bread of life,
As doctrines false are rife,
O may our tempters see
We are faring well on Thee!

They who on manna fed,
Did eat and they are dead;
Be Thou our souls supply,
That we may never die!

GOD'S SECRET**(Ps. 25:14)**

Precious pacts we have with dear ones,
Sweetest things in secret said
Only for the ears of near ones:
Hearts that to our hearts are wed.

But sweeter far to those that fear Him
Is the secret of the Lord,
Only shared with those most near Him:
Hearts with Him in blest accord.

Highest motive to revere Him:
That His life for ours was spent;
Just because He'd have us near Him
Wide the temple veil was rent!

OMNIPOTENCE

A whole Red Sea
Is quite impassable to you and me;
But God's power at man's impossible starts,
And, lo, each Red Sea He divides in parts!

CHRIST'S ACQUAINTANCESSHIP

He to the sad and sorrow-worn
Affords a swift and sure relief,
Because He, who hath our nature borne,
Acquainted was with grief.

One thing, howe'er, was never writ
In that Book--our fondest treasure--
That He, who is the source of it,
Acquainted was with pleasure!

A PRAYER

Use me, Lord, use me for my race,
To send their status up a pace;
To make their merits better known;
Hasten their coming to their own!

Use me, Lord, use me for Thy Church,
May lost ones never vainly search
For the glow of my small light
Out upon the world's dark night!

Use me, Lord, use for Thyself alone,
The life that's ransom'd by Thine own;
May it a living letter be—
With a message straight from Thee!

"NO MORE SEA"

**(Suggested by a poem in the Literary Digest,
regretting the absence of the sea
from heaven)**

"There shall be no more sea,"
For endless sorrow rests
Upon its ever-heaving crests;
In that land where many mansions be,
Sorrow and sighing away shall flee,
There could be "no more sea."

"There shall be no more sea,"
For the wicked are like its troubled waves,
Whom nothing quiets, nothing saves;
In that realm where all is melody,
And peace as a river flows on in majesty,
There can be no more sea!

"There shall be no more sea!"
The sea divides, and causes salt, salt tears;
Begets forebodings and unbidden fears;
There souls exult; no partings know, nor
sighs,
As God doth wipe away all tears from our
eyes.

"There shall be no more sea!"

"There shall be no more sea!"
I am glad this word was said—
The sea shall cease to be when it gives up
its dead!

For when we are transplanted to that home
 above,
There'll only be one ocean—the ocean of God's
 love!

"UNREST"

They tell us there's unrest today,
That men grope blindly for the Way;
That the price we've paid for liberty
Is a world-drifting "all at sea."

They tell us that old truths are dead;
'That the last word has not been said;
Love's waxen cold and faith diminished;
So we've forgotten: 'It is finished.'

Tell, tell us (but it is not so),
That men know not the way to go;
For still there's Christ and Calvary,
The Risen One, saying: "Come unto me."

Though times may change, the Truth endures,
And Christ's touch still man's fever cures;
And still He calls to rest and peace;
He breaks the bow, makes wars to cease.

No talk of "change" must faith dis sever,
Since Christ's the same "today, forever,"
Our yesterdays—lived in His name—
Still point the path to deathless fame.

"THE OLD PATHS"

(Jer. 6:16)

Those old lov'd paths across the scented fields,
Where we so lightly trod the well-worn way,
Inhaling fragrance of the new-mown hay,
Or perfume which the sweet white clover
yields;

Till scent of hay and clover magic wields
And visions new each care-free, happy day,
When papa's loving hand-clasp seem'd to say:
Here's all the shelter of a thousand shields!
Those ancient paths, anent the seer's behest,
As he, while streaming tears his eyes o'erfill,
Bade Israel forsake her wayward quest,
Bear they a likeness to these ways of rest?
It must be so, for we are children still,
And those "old paths" our Heavenly Father's
will.

FESTIVAL DAYS

THE NEW YEAR AND SONG

Start the New Year singing,
Keep God's praises ringing,
Cheer to sad hearts bringing;
Start the New Year singing!

Start the New Year singing,
Keep Hope's pinions winging,
Wide the glad notes flinging;
Start the New Year singing!

Start the New Year singing,
To the old tunes clinging,
They with grace are ringing;
Start the New Year singing!

Start the New Year singing,
Song is faith upspringing,
Victory's gates outswinging;
Start the New Year singing!

FACING THE FUTURE

(Isa. 55:12)

As we life's journey tread,
Though mountains loom ahead,
We need not faint nor fear,
For the hills shall disappear;
Lo, as we onward march along,
We'll find them cleft with song!

THE NEW YEAR

What a word is this for the glad New Year,
To send us forth with a heart of cheer!
We shall place our regnant banners here:
"The set of their faces was forward!"

The year spreads out as an open book,
There is no time for a backward look;
We've closed the account, a reck'ning took—
The set of our faces is forward.

There's an upward path and a shining way,
A light that falls from the King of day,
And we shall win in the battle's fray,
The set of our faces is forward!

THE MESSAGE OF EASTER

In the gray dawn of Easter morn,
Joy to the world was newly born;
In the empty tomb and riven gloom
Sprang Hope—a Star-to earth illumed.

In the low word which Mary stirred,
Such magic rang that we have heard;
Our names He calls and on us falls
The rapture that our lives enthalls.

Death's chain is broken, to us the token
Then to the women sweetly spoken;
The night is o'er, He goeth before;
Go spread the news from shore to shore.

By lives of light, show forth the might
'That broke the pow'r of Death that night;
Give every soul by sin imprison'd
A chance to know that Christ has risen!

"BECAUSE HE LIVES"

As by the death of Him who was
Holy and undefiled,
We to the Maker of mankind
Have now been reconciled,
Much more, then, by His risen life,
Which He so freely gives,
We here are conquerors in the strife;
We live because He lives.

As by the path of death He went
Fearless and undismayed,
We, too, within our narrow house
May trustingly be laid;
For there we shall not long abide,
Because He ever lives,
We shall rise upward to His side
In the new life He gives.

“CHILDREN OF THE RESURRECTION”

(Luke 20:36)

A name all permeate with power
 And beauteous as the Easter flower,
 Is that, we read, is on them called
 Who're counted worthy of that world,
 Rich blossom of their earth selection:
 “Children of the resurrection.”

Who dropp'd, with flesh, the ways of men
 And rose with Him to live again—
 Lives pure as holy angels are,
 Sans spot, or wrinkle or a flaw,
 By seal divine is their election:
 “Children of the resurrection.”

Offsprings, they, upon whose brow
 Death's shadow never cometh now.
 Of earth, once mortals' paths they trod,
 Of heaven, now the sons of God,
 Theirs is for aye the life perfection:
 “Children of the resurrection.”

"THERE WAS DARKNESS"

The earth is bright today,
Because Christ went the way
Of Calvary.
The gloom and darkness there
Have made the whole earth fair.
On us God's face doth shine
Because 'twas hid from Thine
On Calvary.
Out of Thy three hours' night
Has come our grace of light!

THE CHILDREN'S HOSANNAS

Christ loved their guileless praise
And would not them deny;
King of the hearts of men, He knew
They would not change their cry:
Today, hosannas on their tongues,
The next, "Away to die!"

Christ heard and spake to those
Who'd chide their joyous ways,
"Have ye not read 'tis said of old,
In David's tuneful lays,
That God hath chosen such as these
To set forth perfect praise?"

Christ knew Earth understood
The children's happy chorus;
And said that had they silent been,
The stones had spoken for us!
Oh, may we never hold our peace,
When the Spirit stealeth o'er us!

THE FIRST EASTER MORNING

I'm glad that women linger'd longest
Where "they crucified Him."
I'm glad their love was true and strongest
That they ne'er denied Him!

I'm glad that three of them were first
At day's faint dawning,
To find that He death's chains had burst
On earth's first Easter morning!

I'm glad it was a woman's name
Held His first greeting;
When Mary to the garden came—
Oh, that wondrous meeting!

THANKSGIVING

Every day, if praise be given,
Contains a little bit of heaven;
Every day if met with cheer,
Is just "the best day of the year."

Each hath given its full share
Towards the harvests rich and fair;
Each has kept, in tears or mirth,
God's ancient covenant with earth.

A twelvemonth of such wealthy days
Merits the Nation's song of praise;
Calls each soul to come away
And joyful keep Thanksgiving Day.

To quit the busy paths we've trod,
And spend at least one day with God,
Who says, My habitat with Israel
Is in the place where praises dwell.

OUR SOURCE OF STRENGTH

To live the whole year's busy length,
And at its close stand with the strong,
Upon our lips the victor's song,
God's joy must be our 'biding strength.

It sings in all the ripened grain,
Our golden fields from east to west,

With flocks and harvests richly blest,
Are bars of His great triumph strain.

It wells in every battle fought,
 (By tongue or pen, or by the sword,
 That nations may with right accord)
Which has for lasting progress wrought.

But finds its fullest, highest chord
 In those who, following His ways,
 Have made their lives a psalm of praise,
As daily walked they with their Lord!

Thus our whole great nation's strength
 Lies in the things of God's delight:
 In Mercy, Justice, Truth and Right,
Throughout her breadth and border's length.

WHEN THE HEART KEEPS CHRISTMAS

Still there shines that glory light,
Which made the skies so passing bright
Upon that far-off Holy Night,
 When the heart keeps Christmas.

Still unto our Lord and King,
We, as the Wise Men, haste to bring
Our costliest and most precious thing,
 When the heart keeps Christmas.

Still to all who 'round us dwell,
With glad and reverent lips we tell
The tidings of “Emanuel”—
 When the heart keeps Christmas.

THE HEART OF CHRISTMAS

'Twere sad indeed at Christmas time,
With all the sleigh-bells' merry chime,
The auto's noisy puff and gong,
To fail to catch the angel's song.

But sadder still to have our eyes
So chained to what about us lies ;
To raise them not for the vision higher,
The radiance of that heavenly choir.

Saddest, if seeking here and there
For Christmas bargains cheap and rare ;
For gifts to make our fellow men,
We miss the road to Bethlehem.

For then, indeed, the hymn would cease
Ere we had caught its note of Peace ;
And, missing the chant, the sight sublime,
We'd lose the heart of Christmas-time.

MARY'S PART

To the shepherds came the music
 Of that seraphic angel throng,
 That made the plains of Bethlehem
 Reverberate with their song.
 Theirs, too, was the joy of seeing,
 When the angels had gone away,
 'The Babe, who, as 'twas told them,
 In a lowly manger lay.
 But, more blest than outward vision,
 Or the rustle of angel wings,
 Is that word one said of Mary:
 She ponder'd and "kept these things."

For the sweetest song hath ending,
 And the vision will not stay;
 But the gain of once-heard music
 Lies just in Mary's way.
 To the inner ear of the Spirit
 Will come that wondrous song,
 And its words of joy and comfort
 Their bliss for aye prolong
 Thro' the common days that follow
 'Midst cold traffic's busy mart,
 If our is the stored-up treasure
 And Mary's pondering part.

GOD'S GIFT

Oh, friends, who also have started
On the road to the City of Light,
Let us keep, in rapture, clear-hearted,
The memory of that "Holy Night."
When a Saviour to mortals was given;
When the clouds with joy were riven
As the heavenly visitants came,
Out of a brightness aflame,
To make known the infant's name;
And all Earth's corners to fill
With peace to men and good will!
Aye, these are the things in December,
We love, best of all, to remember.
May we never from their anchorage drift,
But keep fast hold of God's Gift!

MISCELLANEOUS

ROBERT BROWNING

(May 7, 1912; born May 7, 1812)

The Joy that sees the roses,
 Jeweled with heavenly dew;
 The bloom that May discloses,
 Beauteous for me and you;

The Love that's lyric-human,
 Euterpe's rarest wine,
 That finds its "Star" in woman,
 Its Christ, the One Divine;

The Faith that walks "breast forward,"
 Bouyantly the emerald sod;
 That meets Death as no coward,
 Clear-eyed, so "sure of God";

Are ours because one morning,
 A century's flight away,
 To earth came Robert Browning,
 In the "blossom month" of May.

THE CLUB WOMAN

Hers to fill the vacant place
And do the thing that none else sees ;
To all life's vexing problems face
And many an unfair burden ease ;

To stand beside the working girl,
And all who, silent, suffer wrong ;
To soften commerce's busy whirl
With just a little bit of song ;

To be in home, in church and state
A power that ever makes for good,
Whose purpose is to elevate
And nobler make all womanhood ;

To so enlarge the mind and eye
That life, tho' immanent with Duty,
Over it the humblest may descry
The perfect rainbow arc of Beauty ;

To have it broadly understood,
Thro' ways that seem but purely human,
That naught which makes for sisterhood
Is foreign to the true club woman.

ROBIN REDBREAST

(Written for a little child)

Robin Redbreast the other day
 Came with merry notes to say :
 “Winter’s snow has gone away.”
 He lighted on my garden fence,
 And twittered cheerily from thence ;
 So glad was he that it was Spring,
 He couldn’t tarry long to sing,
 But soon again was on the wing ;
 For, having news so very good,
 He flew to tell the neighborhood ;
 While I was very glad that he
 Had cheered me with his company ;
 That sight of him I had not miss’d,
 Being on Red Robin’s calling list !

ANNIVERSARY SONG

TUNE: "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

(Written for and sung at Detroit Y. W. C. A.
February, 1916.)

To-day we have a sisterhood that wide its flag
unfurls,
And sends afar its bugle note to ever-widening
worlds,
Because fifty years ago there was some one
who thought of girls!
We girls are marching on.

CHORUS:

Praise Jehovah for our founders!
Praise Jehovah for our founders!
Praise Jehovah for our founders!
We girls are marching on!

To shield them from the Tempter who so swift
his arrow hurls,
And daily seeks to them engulf in follies' mad-
d'ning whirls,
Just fifty years ago there was some one who
thought of girls!
We girls are marching on!

To show those hours have enterprise that're
girt with song of merles,
To teach them how to work aright and seek all
goodly pearls,
Just fifty years ago this month somebody
thought of girls!
We girls are marching on!

ANNIVERSARY HYMN*

TUNE: “How Sweet the Name of Jesus
Sounds.”

We meet within this sacred place,
Rich with our hopes and fears,
Glad sons of Ethiopia's race,
To mark a hundred years.

Since Allen, our great founder, stood
On that historic day,
For Christ and human brotherhood
To all who own His sway.

Thro' fire and flood and slav'ry's night,
Within a weary land,
Our Zion proved a beacon light,
Her priests a helping hand.

So beautiful their rev'rent feet,
As they the Gospel spread,
'Tis ours to catch its martial beat,
The music of their tread!

To-day upon this hallowed ground,
To crown our jubilee,
We'd own, with fervor newly found,
The Man of Galilee!

*Written in honor of the 100th Anniversary of the founding of the African Methodist Episcopal Church by Richard Allen, at Philadelphia, 1816.

OUR TERCENTENARY**(1620-1920)**

Three wonder-holden centuries have flown
Since first we claimed this country as our own;
O, Spirit Divine, we pray Thee on us come,
Forbid that they should pass us silent, dumb;
But may we see, as writ in living fire,
Some thrilling word that shall all hearts in-
spire
Thrown 'cross the scroll of each one hundred
years,
Which mark a Nation's growth—its hopes and
fears,
To fittingly epitomize and vocal make
These bygone centuries—a torch to onward
take!

This trinity of cycles, we reverently would say
First, shows us God the Father who led the
Pilgrims all the way
As they in work and worship as comrades
bravely stood,
We read its living message in the great word—
BROTHERHOOD!
Then seeing God, the Son, who truly makes
men free,
With pen immersed in crimson we spelled out
LIBERTY!
The closing of the triad brings us to this hour
And with awed gaze we read the Spirit's gift
of POWER!

Yet, God of our fathers, we cannot fully celebrate
 Until we know this land once more is consecrate
 To God, the Father of us all,
 To the Anointed One, who knows no great and
 no small,
 And to the Holy Ghost who would send us
 onward from this hour,
 A mighty nation—clothed with living Power.

“ THE WINGS OF THE MORNING.”

They are pinions zepher blown
 From some far-off seraph zone;
 They are unseen ships of air,
 That will waft us elsewhere.

They are cherub chariots free
 To the utmost paths of sea,
 Waiting each diurnal round
 On our Fancy “outward bound.”

A WINTER PICTURE

Oh, the sunlight on the snow!
And the little twigs aglow!
Thro' the wooing of Jack Frost
All uncomeliness is lost,
When a winter morning's sun
Smiles on what the night has done.

Oh, the sunlight on the snow!
And the barren shrubs aglow!
'Tis a beauty close at hand,
For the parks are fairyland,
And trees yester'eve so bare
Now crystal pennants wear!

Oh, pity those who do not know
The charm of sunlight on the snow;
Whose sun-kiss'd eyes have never seen
The trees in all their wintry sheen!

ANNIVERSARY HYMN

(Celebrating the 80th Anniversary of the founding of Bethel A. M. E. Church, Detroit, Michigan, May 29, 1921.)

TUNE: "Federal Street, L. M."

When we reflect on all God's ways,
His dealings with our Zion here,
We can but lift our hearts in praise
For blessings on each passing year.

For all the countless deeds of love,
For victories His grace hath brought,
We grateful lift our eyes above
And humbly cry, "What hath God wrought!"

For eighty years our Bethel's kept
The faith, once given to the saints,
Spotless and pure, though oft she's wept,
And upward sent her tears and plaints.

From small beginnings we have grown,
From days of debt and hours of stress,
Till lo! we now this temple own,
And here two thousand Christ confess!

We thank God that He keeps her still,
And calls this Bethel—House of God;
With forward look to do Thy will
We follow where our fathers trod!

"SCHOOL, DRIVE SLOWLY."

A little sign in white and red,
Designed and set most duly,
To check autoists, speeding ahead,
Reads: "School, drive slowly."

That little ones to daily tasks
May safely go and wholly,
The City warns and frequent asks
This: "School, drive slowly."

A little sign, when thought controls,
Is writ 'cross life most truly;
Lest injury should hap to souls,
Heed: "School, drive slowly."

LOST—OUR LITTLE GIRLS

What's become of little girls

Who used to wear such pretty dresses,
That they've lost all but their curls—
And loss of these oft-times distresses?

What's become of little girls?

They don't look dainty any more;
So early shaped to fashion's whirls,
They'll ne'er be women at the core!

When you see the tots at play,

Which is Sally, which is Jim?
For your life you couldn't say,
Though your eyesight isn't dim.

O, Dame Fashion, keep your sway,

If you must, 'mid social whirls;
But restore Ye Olden Day—
Give us back our little girls!

OUR FLAG**(June 14, 1777, to June 14, 1914)**

Banner of our country's magnificent domain,
We hail thy anniversary that comes to us
again!

Proudly we review these one hundred and odd
years

Since at a cost unreckon'd of precious blood
and tears,

Liberty and Right proclaimed their sovran
sway,

And, sweeping the might of crowned heads
away,

Unfurled a new Republic's sacred ensign here,
And lit the lamp of Progress on this western
hemisphere.

Flag that proudly waves from east to western
sea,

Thrice baptized in crimson by thy passion to
be free!

Thine ideal a nation where all men equal are,
And each is represented in his state's resplend-
ent star.

Oh, still this soil is hallow'd long as thy starry
folds

Wave grandly over veterans of the days that
tried men's souls;

To-day before a patriot would see thy laurel's-
less,

He to the steel of conflict would bare his
 loyal breast;
 In this high expectation which doth each bo-
 som thrill—
 That all “thy ancient glory shall play about
 thee still!”

THE SYMBOL OF THE RED CROSS

They’ve hungry children fed
 Where bullets terror spread,
 That’s why their cross is red!

Their steps in mercy led
 Where human blood was shed,
 That’s why their cross is red!

They’ve words of comfort sped
 To souls to sorrow wed,
 That’s why their cross is red!

They’ve the glad Evangel read
 Beside the soldier’s bed,
 That’s why their cross is red!

“To serve,” I came, Christ said,
 He who on Calvary bled;
 That’s why their cross is red!

A WAR-TIME PRAYER—1917.

Father, in heaven, Thy purposes prove,
Through the dark shadows, may we feel Thy
love!

Christ, our Redeemer, who alone sets men free,
Guide, guard our soldiers, who cross the blue
sea!

Tried in war's furnace, may the fires refine;
Called on to suffer, may we not repine;
Purg'd of our vanity, shorn of our pride;
Out from the trenches, we'd rise purified;
Let democracy's triumph, distinctions efface,
All men be brothers, regardless of race!

THE SOURCE OF WARS

(James 4:1)

"Whence come wars?" the apostle cries,
In eager wish to set men's eyes
On those secret hidden things
From which trouble constant springs.

Come they not, as flame from embers,
From those lusts within your members?
Hidden far from human gaze,
In your hearts, there starts the blaze.

Covetings of another's wealth,
 Desire to take his land by stealth,
 Marshal hosts no gas nor high grenade
 With strength to kill hath e'er been made.

Church of God, just here's your place;
 War's not vanquish'd save by grace;
 If you would "leadership" maintain,
 Tell the OLD STORY o'er again!

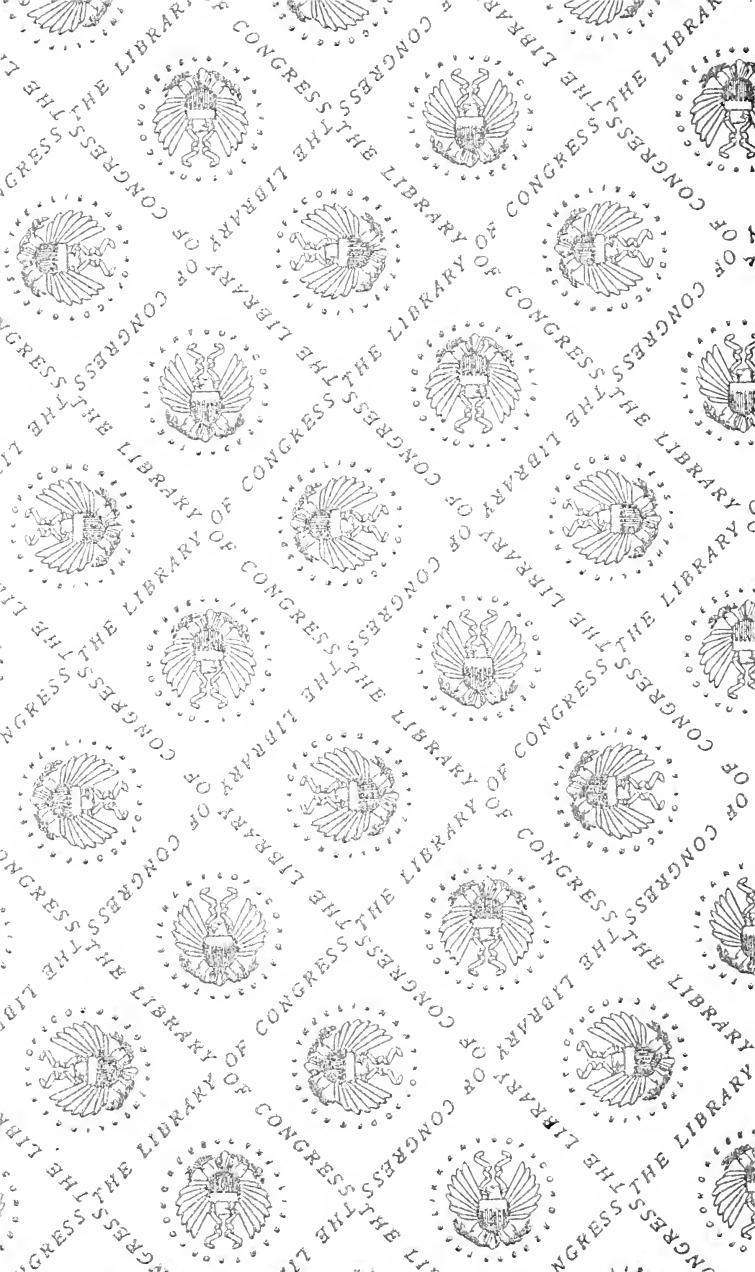


WHEN THE HEART KEEPS CHRISTMAS

Still there shines that glory light,
 Which made the skies so passing bright
 Upon that far-off Holy Night,
 When the heart keeps Christmas.

Still unto our Lord and King,
 We, as the Wise Men, haste to bring
 Our costliest and most precious thing,
 When the heart keeps Christmas.

Still to all who 'round us dwell,
 With glad and reverent lips we tell
 The tidings of "Emanuel,"—
 When the heart keeps Christmas.





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